New Thought.

"By thine own soul's law learn to live,
And if men thwart thee, take no heed,
And if men hate thee, have no care,
Sing thou thy song and do thy deed,
Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer."

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Chips From the Old Block.

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

Obstacles are made to be surmounted—that is the purpose of their creation.

Failures are intended to serve as stepping stones to Success.

Discouragements are made to raise within us a determination to "get there" in spite of them, and to cause us to retreat a few steps in order to get more headway for the leap that will carry us over the barrier. When a runner wishes to clear an obstacle he retreats a bit, and then, with a rush, he speeds forward, gathering force from the running jump, and over he goes.

Success sometimes is a dangerous thing. When we attain it, we often start in to take things easy, and to let go of the things that brought the success. So, a little set-back, obstacle or discouragement often is really a good thing—most necessary to us at times. Some of the best things that I have ever done were the direct result of a previous discouragement or set-back. And so, now, I accept them as such, and instead of weeping and wailing, moaning and groaning, I gather myself up for a leap at the touch of the spur, and away I go on a fresh start. That is the only way—it took many hard lessons to teach me this truth, but now I think I have learned it for good, and so, I pass it on to you.

Some of us need to feel the pain of "hard-upness" to inspire us to make an effort worth while. Some of us need the smart of a temporary defeat or folly, in order to rouse the latent power within us that is needed to make us "do things."

The things that are really worth while, are usually the result of the impelling force of a strong desire brought into action by the smart or sting of something that hasn't worked out just right. The things that drive the man of the despondent type into despair, act upon the "I Can and I Will" man in a different way—they rouse in him the nerve and mettle of the thoroughbred, and cause him to exhibit a grand fresh start that sweeps all before it.

So, get into the way of turning these things to good account, and you will welcome them as incentives to action, when you happen to get "stale."

Application made for entry at Chicago, Ills., post office as second-class matter.

Home Again.



By William Walker Atkinson.

Well, here I am back in Chicago again after nearly six months in the far West. At one time it looked as if I would take up my permanent residence in Southern California, but business duties called me back to Chicago, and here I am likely to remain. I enjoyed my stay in Los Angeles and Pasadena very much, and wish to thank my friends in those places for their many kindnesses shown me while among them. I did not do anything in the way of teaching or public work (with the exception of a couple of informal talks in Los Angeles, which did not amount to anything so far as merit was concerned, although the audiences were kind enough to act as if I was saying something worth while). I tried to "lie low" and keep quiet, as I was enjoying a rest, and doing some studying and writing. But I found New Thought people everywhere, and it was hard to keep from talking shop. I met a number of people who did not know that I was a New Thought writer, and who advised me to read some New Thought literature as they thought that I was "ready for it." Some even suggested that I read "Thought Force," which I faithfully promised to do. I could tell several funny tales of this sort had I the time. The people of Southern California are about the kindest, sunniest, most loving and tolerant that I have had the good fortune to meet. Their sunshine seems to have been absorbed from the golden rays of the sun that are given them so freely, and the clear blue skies above them seem to have an effect upon their characters. This is not a conventional "jolly," but is merely a faint echo of what I am saying here in Chicago about them. Southern California is "all right," both in people and in climate. It is sort of annoying, now that I have returned, to have some of my Chicago friends ask me whether I am not glad to get back from that "furnace" which they imagine Southern California must be in summer. This in spite of the fact that the temperature today in Chicago is 91 in the shade, and the humidity is something frightful. I have perspired more this last half hour than I did the whole summer in California. In fact, one does not need to get "moist' in the latter place, for the air is so dry that the evaporation is instantaneous and the perspiration is not noticed. There are no melted collars, or wilted shirt bosoms in Southern California, just as there are no sun-strokes, nor mad dogs there. The hottest day is merely "hot" and not "muggy," and all that it is necessary to do in order to get relief is to stand in the shade of a telegraph pole, or a small tree, and all is lovely, for there is always a breeze. About four in the afternoon the ocean breezes are felt, and the temperature changes.

The nights are rather too cool for one to sit out of doors very late, and one feels the necessity of warm covering on the bed, even after the hottest day. Then there are the glorious open air privileges—one learns to value the air and sunshine out there. People are not afraid of air and sunshine, and they use both to the utmost. Everything is open to the air and sun. Southern California is all right as a summer resort, and as a winter resort, it must be heaven. Nothing but duty and business could keep me away from it, I think. I had a touch of Colorado coming back, and I like it about as well; in fact, if I were going back I might get side-tracked in Colorado, instead of going on to the Coast. I cannot begin to tell you about the experiences I had out there, nor of my trip—I will work some of them in my articles from time to time. Los Angeles seems to be getting to be the headquarters of New Thought people. They are flocking there in great numbers. Just before I left, Helen Wilmans arrived in Los Angeles, and I had the pleasure of meeting her on two occasions. Those people who have been thinking of Helen as a "has-been" or a "back number" will have to revise their estimates, for she is as full of life and energy as an egg is full of meat. She is seventy odd years young, and as spry as a sixteen-year-old. We are going to hear some strong talk from Helen some of these days. She is still full of fire, and when she breaks loose again something is going to happen. She is in no way cast down by her unpleasant experiences, but seems to have accepted them as her philosophy would indicate, and is transmuting them into benefits. Just keep your eye on Helen, so that you won't miss something that will happen some of these days. She is very much alive.

I was the recipient of many kindnesses from Dr. and Mrs. Alexander J. McIvor-Tyndall, who have been living in Los Angeles from about a year past. Dr. Tyndall, as you know, is an authority upon telepathy and kindred phenomena, and gives practical demonstrations of his theories that convince the most skeptical. From this, it must not be supposed that the Doctor's philosophy ends at this point, for his public work along these lines is merely a fragment of his teachings which really comprise the entire field of occultism. He has been urged by many of his friends to make an Eastern trip, and in case he does so, I trust that many of our readers will avail themselves of the opportunity to hear him. He is aided in his work by his charming wife, who, while not appearing in his public work, is nevertheless a source of inspiration and encouragement to him, so much so that he always uses a capital "W" in writing "my Wife." And she deserves it, too.

I met Mr. and Mrs. George Edwin Burnell while in Los Angeles, and enjoyed coming in contact with them. I like them both, but I think I like Mrs. Burnell's personality rather the better—it is gentler and kinder and more sympathetic. This is not intended as a reflection upon George Edwin, for he is all right, but he seems to take a pleasure in making people believe that he is a bizarre, unsympathetic, eccentric char-

acter, utterly devoid of sympathy or the milk of human kindness—and, to tell the truth, he acts out the part pretty well to some people, although we who have had a peep behind the scenes know better, and realize that he is not half so much of a crank as he tries to appear to be. He treated me first rate. I attended several of his classes, and managed to get a faint understanding of what he was trying to get at, although I defy anyone to listen to a Burnell talk, or to read a Burnell essay and say, truthfully, "I understand every word of it." He is the only man I ever knew who could write anything as utterly incapable of comprehension by us poor everyday mortals as Mrs. Eddy's famous book—but Burnell can bear comparison with the Mother of Christian Science, and come off with flying colors. He speaks from the Absolute position—"Thus saith the Lord" being in evidence always, and his exposition of the doctrine of the "nothingness of everything" is most entertaining, if not convincing. Burnell is a clear head and shoulders above any others teaching along his particular lines, and his presentation of what he conceives to be Truth is most original and striking. He is a powerful suggestionist, and soon reduces his flock to the desired state of "nothingness." His vocabulary is inexhaustible, and he has a wonderful wealth of illustration with which to adorn his discourses. He has the Sacred Books of all the religions at his finger-ends, and he talks about sages dead and gone five thousand years as if he had played marbles with them but yesterday (maybe he had, for all that I know). If you ever get a chance to hear Burnell, you would do well to do so, although you will need a towel of crushed ice to press around your aching brow when you return home after the lecture. And look out that you do not get hypnotized—I got away just in time to escape the spell.

I also met J. Stitt Wilson—a mighty good fellow. Stitt is well known on the Coast, and in the Middle West, as a powerful speaker upon Socialism. He has been drinking at the metaphysical stream until he has become "woozy" about the "nothingness" of things, and as a consequence his recent talks have become saturated with this subject and all the rest of the metaphysical word-painting. He has become so filled with the "I am God" idea that he talks quite earnestly of his creations, the Rocky Mountains and other big things. But underneath all of this there still remains much of the old Stitt Wilson, bright, witty, resourceful, and quick of reason. The leaven is working in Stitt, and bye-and-bye he will throw off this mass of metaphysical wordy "nothingness" which afflicts all of us who have tried to solve the Riddle of the Universe with our finite minds, and he will emerge a still stronger, brighter, more powerful individual who will laugh at his present attempts to express the unexpressible—and the folly of attempting to speak from the Absolute (for to speak from the Absolute is to remain mute). And it will be his sense of humor that will save Stitt Wilson from his metaphysical foggery—that sense of humor that has saved so many of us. God bless that saving

sense of humor. There's no philosophy so good as the "Laughing Philosophy."

Then I met Edgar Wallace Conable—he of the *"Pathfinder,"* and Uncooked Food fame. Conable "makes good." He lives strictly upon what he preaches to be the only proper food for man, and I have eaten unroasted peanuts with him, and have picked delicious ripe apricots from his trees. He is a plain, unassuming, good hearted, earnest man, who has much of the milk of human kindness in his bosom—and not curdled either. To read his articles, you would think that he was a born fighter, going around with a chip on his shoulder, and looking for a chance for a shindy. But when you meet him face to face, you find out that his fight is all on paper, for he wouldn't hurt a fly. In fact, he refuses to kill rattle-snakes, on principle, holding that they are his fellow creatures, and have as much right to live as has he, and that they won't hurt him, anyway, if they are not disturbed. That is about as marked an exhibition of kindness toward animals as I ever have witnessed. And Conable means it, too! I think that he used to be quite a "scrapper" before he got a change of heart, and that his fighting editorials are a kind of working off the old steam in him, which has ceased to manifest in action in everyday life. Mr. Conable has a ten-acre ranch in Pasadena, in a quiet little nook away from the noise of the town. Here he lives out his life according to his inspiration and ideals. He publishes his *"Pathfinder"* and his books, which, by the way, are quite good, and he is able to pick his food from the trees and from the bushes, as the Lord intended man to do. He has about a hundred or more fig trees, and a large apricot and peach orchard, and raises most of the food he eats, which food he does not spoil by cooking. He has a number of friends living on the ground, principally in tents and tent-houses, and they seem to be enjoying it—I am sure that I should, if I were there. If you are interested in this out-of-door "uncooked-food" close-to-nature way of living, just write to Conable about it, and say that I told you to. His address is Station A, Pasadena, California. And I must not forget to mention Miss Anna Louise Ambrose, who is Mr. Conable's chief of staff in his publishing business. She is one of the sweetest, most lovable little women that I ever have met. The man who wins her will gain a good, true, loving wife—and that is saying a good deal, and means a good deal more. (I'm sure that there will be an exodus of "New Thought" young men to Pasadena, now.)

I cannot begin to mention the names of the many people who showed me kindness on my trip, and during my visit. I wish, however, to thank them all, and to assure them that I have not forgotten them. I am hard at work here in Chicago, which is a mighty good town in spite of its noise and dirt. The blue skies and bright sun of Southern California now seem like a dream to me—a most pleasant dream, and yet I feel that I am better for the experience, and that some of the sunshine has stolen

its way to my heart, and will never leave me, and that the sight of the clear skies has given me increased powers of vision which will stay with me. And the memory of the kindness of the people, and the freedom and brightness of the life out there, remain with me as a blessing. Well, here's love all 'round—and now to work.

I the Vision Saw.

LOUISE RADFORD WELLS.

They say there is no rift within the clouds,
  Through which I dimly saw such glory shine;
They say there are no heights beyond these hills,
  While I had dreamed of far, grand peaks to climb;
And when I hearken, waiting for the notes
  Of that rapt song whose music once I caught,
They cry there is no melody so sweet,
  No chords so grand, as I had thought.

And yet, although the clouds may show no break,
  And straining eyes no glorious heights descry,
Though mute to them the marvelous melody,
  Serene and confident am I.
In my deep heart the wonder ever bides
  At that fair riven glimpse of heaven's glow,
Toward unseen peaks I ceaseless climb,
  And silence bursts to music as I go.

Cultivation of Faith.

BY R. J. RAYMOND.

During my twelve years of experience in healing by means of Suggestion and Mental Therapeutics, I have found that the most difficult thing to acquire for patient and healer, is a strong and never failing faith in the mind as a healing power.

There are two kinds of faith,—objective faith and subjective faith. The faith that needs to be established in us is objective faith. Subjective faith is and always was established, but is not allowed to have its way, and show its inherent power objectively through our physical faculties. This fact being true on account of our lack of study and reason, objectively, to remove the doubtful suggestions of our objective mental action.

Faith is truly the substance of things not seen. That faith is the

essential prerequisite to the successful exercise of psychic powers is a proposition which has received the sanction of the concurrent experience of all the ages. Christ himself did not hesitate to acknowledge his inability to heal the sick in the absence of faith. He held faith to be essential, not only to the enjoyment of the blessings which he so freely bestowed in this world, but to the attainment of eternal life. "Oh ye of little faith," was his reproof to his followers when they returned to him and announced the decrease of their powers to heal the sick,—thus proving that he regarded faith as an essential element of success, not only in the patient, but in the healer also.

Why is it that our belief has anything to do with the exercise of the healing power? The healing power, being a mental or psychic force, is necessarily governed by mental conditions. Just why faith is the necessary mental condition of the patient and healer can never be answered otherwise than, "The good Lord so created us."

The experience of all ages shows it to be a fact, and we must accept it as such, and content ourselves with an effort to ascertain its relation to other facts, and command it at will. The skeptic concludes at once that whatever good the credulous may receive, it can never be of benefit to him because he does not believe in such things. It is just here that a great mistake is made,—one that is most natural in the present state of psychic knowledge, and one that is all but universal. It consists in the assumption that the faith of the objective mind has anything to do with the real mental attitude. It is the objective mind of the patient that is to be treated, and therefore educated in faith. The subjective mind of an individual is as amenable to control by suggestions of his own objective mind as it is by the suggestions of another. The law is the same. Whatever may be the objective belief of the patient, if he will *assume* to have faith, actively or passively, the subjective mind will be controlled by suggestion, and the desired result will follow.

"The faith required for therapeutic purposes is a purely subjective faith, and is attainable upon the cessation of active opposition on the part of the objective mind!" In all systems of mental healing, the processes and conditions are essentially the same,—passivity and receptivity of the patient.

By passivity, the patient becomes receptive of subjective impressions. In the Christian Science method, the healer also becomes passive; thus, we have a telepathic condition which is a communication of subjective minds.

It has been claimed by some mental science healers that faith on the part of the patient is not essential to successful healing. This statement is usually a cunning evasion of the truth for the very purpose of inspiring faith. When the healer says, "Faith is unnecessary under my system," the skeptic is usually satisfied. He brightens with hope, and

submits to the treatment full of faith that he is to be healed without faith.

The faith that is acquired through study and reason is always perfect, because it is acquired through knowledge and confirmed by reason. It then becomes at once a permanent possession, and adverse auto-suggestion can never arise from the objective mind to weaken its power. A striking illustration of this principle occurred in the history of Jesus. It was in the case of the man who brought his son to be healed, who was afflicted with a "dumb spirit." He had gone to Jesus' disciples, who failed to effect a cure, and in despair he appealed to the Master, saying: "If thou canst do anything, have compassion on us, and help us." Jesus said unto him: "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." And straightway the father of the child cried out, and said with tears, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." Jesus then rebuked the foul spirit, and commanded it to come out of the boy, "and enter no more unto him." And the boy was instantly healed. All the circumstances surrounding this case were calculated to make the father skeptical regarding the power of Jesus to heal his son. After Jesus had explained that belief was a necessary condition of success, the father cried out, "Lord, I believe, help *thou* mine unbelief."

This expression plainly indicated a want of objective faith. But he spoke the words, "I believe," and then intimated that his *real belief* depended upon him. Jesus knew the law and was fully aware that any lingering objective doubt remaining in the father's objective mind could not prevail against the "spoken word" of faith.

If we would define that particular kind of faith which pertains to the development and exercise of psychic power, of which Christ was the first to proclaim the necessity, it would be as follows: Faith is that emotion of the subjective mind, or soul, which consists in the unhesitating acceptance of and belief in the absolute truth of a suggestion. I think, without doubt, that the daily practice of giving one's self strong auto-suggestions during one's waking hours at some time, and just before falling to sleep at night, is a very helpful method for one to begin the strong conviction of faith and trust in the powers that be.

Blind faith is the kind of credulity that is not arrived at through reason and study. It is an acceptance without fundamental knowledge of the subject.

Christian Science, so called, furnishes a very striking example of what is termed "blind faith." It shows that subjective faith may be established without objective belief.

It requires the real substantial faith of the soul to make therapeutic suggestions effective. Suggestions based upon scientific truth, other things being equal, are necessarily the most potent in their influence, and permanent in their effects. As in all other relations of human life,

truth is mightier than error or falsehood, and it is the condition precedent to all permanent good.

Fruit and Nuts.

By Ida Gatling Pentecost.



A sunkissed soul requires sunkissed food.

When this is said attention should be riveted. We become like that which we think and eat.

The average man and woman consult only their palates and stomachs, considering merely what tastes good and pleases them, without direct, conscious reference to what is best for them, while the man and woman of higher development use their intelligence in selecting those foods and drinks which give health to body and mind.

Shortsighted, inattentive people pay a tremendous price for their sloth and stubbornness in the matter of health. All that trouble of yours is the result of not using your powers of observation, and then doing what will keep you well. (At the outset it is supposed that all prefer splendid health to poor health.)

Why not start in and be well? It is easy. This study will bring larger returns than study in any other direction, for without health you can do nothing. For instance, you learn all there is in books about astronomy. The heavens should be the playground of your eyes, but you are sick, so you can neither be on the grass at night, nor on the deck of a boat, for fear of catching cold. Or you have overworked till your nerves are sorely strained and dangling, and you are a wreck. You would not take enough rest and sleep. Intelligence demands a sufficient amount of rest. Take it sensibly. Don't be shortsighted. Not taking a reasonable and wise amount of amusement is also thoughtless. We need amusement alternating with work. We ourselves bring on our invalidism, and we can cure ourselves of disease or bad habits. When I say we can cure a bad habit, I mean we can exercise sufficient intelligence *not to desire* any longer that which injures body and brain.

You do not like pain, you know you do not. Yet most people live exactly as if they were seeking more pain at a breakneck speed. They climb every crag of foolishness and jump off! They grease the road to the hospital, and slide in. They scatter pebbles before them and then walk over them barefooted. They know their bodies to be The Temple of the Living Spirit called God, and then abuse the house, defile it and leave it a wreck beyond repair. More people, too, are dying of overfeeding and drinking than of starvation. Oh, the pity of such ignorance!

When our friends come to visit our house, we make it as perfect as

possible out of respect for them, and ourselves, but we take only a mean and unenlightened care of our bodies, that are inhabited by God.

At birth into this world the soul starts with a new body. It is the awfulest of crimes not to keep it well, renewed and beautiful. We can accomplish our damnation much quicker than our salvation. In so far as you do not study how to keep in health and strength you are not using your intelligence. The body should be prized and appreciated as the most wonderful machine ever given to man. Man damns it in innumerable ways, because he is so *ignorant,* not having conceived of fine desires. Secure health first and other things afterwards.

The cart-before-the-horse existence is a "mess!"

What's the use of book lore if you are bedridden? What's the use of money if you cannot move out of a rolling chair? Why study to solve situations and conditions when you are scrambling for the grave as fast as you can? How can you enjoy what you have gained or achieved in any direction if your body and brain are losing their powers through ill health? Ill health obscures the light of much truth. *An unhealthy mind makes an unhealthy body; and an unhealthy body makes an unhealthy mind.* Using the body and brain with intelligence will keep both a power for good in this world.

Kill yourself if you will, with an epigram, cold lead, or a bodkin, in any manner, but it is worse than silly to do so; it is murder. You are ungrateful for God's greatest gift—Life! There is coming a time of awakening, and then the sword of truth will cut through your foolishness as lightning through space. That time is not far off. You will be compelled to listen to the Still Small Voice of sense and realization. A time of reckoning is coming for those who will not accept the *opportunity* of finding and living the way to soul unfoldment, which means a healthy brain and body right here and now.

You can readily classify and estimate the character of a person who ignores warnings. Pains are "warnings."

If Roosevelt started in to eat poison mushrooms he would not have the joy of serving his country much longer. Are you of use? Then don't poison yourself. Be of service. Command the principles of Life—more abundant Life. I think it unintelligent to kill. I see that war and meat eating are to be outgrown by the people. *Where there is discord and war there is no Love.* Men and animals have a right to live. We do not wish to perpetuate the coarse within us which we call the "animal," so we do not kill and eat cows. If we do we have to eradicate the cows' wrong thinking as well as our own from our systems.

Why deceive a happy little fish with bait so you can fry it? Isn't it awful?

Pause this summer ere you shoot the bird flying to its mate! Load

your eyes with kindness; wish the bird speed, rather than lodge a missile of death in its breast!

What would our little furry and feathery friends say to us, who as evolved human beings ought to know better, had they tongues that could talk instead of only the dumb pleading of their eyes?

We imprison a man for damaging a marble statue in the park, and pay him who puts knives and bullets into the quivering flesh of little birds and patient animals.

Animals have reached a stage of *consciousness* in their evolution, and it is barbarous to kill them. Meat eating also is most unhealthy. Eat fruits and nuts and all the delicious, pure vegetables that ripen above ground. Your head will be clearer and stronger; your heart more loving.

Cupfulls of fresh air are glorifying. Breathe deep, long, even breaths. Drink water between meals, but fruit juice is better. Sleep being life's chief nourisher, take enough to refresh and renew you. *There is nothing better than Life!*

Use your mind and your spirit. On God's map the mind has bounds, the spirit none. The mind needs an interpreter; the soul speaks all languages. It knows because it feels. (You cannot know unless you feel!) Mere book knowledge as we say is dust and ashes compared to the possessions of soul. Thought is often unaccompanied by feeling. Feeling is never unaccompanied by thought. Most people do not know what they are on this earth for, and are uneducated in their wants. They think all is wrong outside, when all is wrong *inside*. Speed the golden day of enlightenment, oh, God! Sunshine, health and peace be with you! May each summer zephyr whisper to everyone: "Be finer, come higher."

New Thought Which is Old Thought

"Let us not therefore judge one another any more; but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way."

Romans XIV-13.

What is "The New Thought?"

(Eighth Paper.)

By William Walker Atkinson.

To the man on the street, Christian Science and Dowieism seem to be pretty much the same thing. He does not distinguish between them. To him they are both "fakes" and schemes for imposing upon "easy" people. All faith cures look alike to him. He sees no good in either, and does not acknowledge that any genuine cures are made. To him, the word "imagination" seems sufficient to account for the reported cures —he does not stop to consider what a potent force this "imagination" must be, when it is able to cure diseases of long standing, and cases that have been pronounced incurable by the medical profession. The man on the street is half right and half wrong. The same principles underlie the cures performed by Christian Science and John Alexander Dowie, although their methods are as different as black and white, and appeal to an entirely different set of people. But mark ye this—they *both* perform wonderful cures. No doubt about the cures, whatever opinion we may have about the theories and methods. And the funny thing about it is that the Christian Scientists refuse to admit that there is anything in common between their work and Dowie's, and Dowie speaks of the C. S. people as emissaries of Satan, and imitators of his Divine methods. Each church calls its particular brand of healing "the real thing," and that of the other "base imitation." But students of psychology recognize in both evidences of Mental Healing produced by different methods.

The student and investigator who turns from a consideration of Christian Science to Dowie is shocked at the contrast. He has found in the Christian Science Temple an atmosphere of calm, peace, restfulness, refinement, poise, and spiritual receptivity. In Dowie's Tabernacle, he finds an imitation of the church organization of the Latter Day Saints, or Mormons (minus the polygamy—none of that for Dowie) plus the spirit of the backwoods revival meeting. Instead of the faces of a calm, well dressed and fashionable congregation, he sees the faces of an earnest, hard-working, credulous and emotional lot of people, who are swayed by Dowie just as are the circle of "subjects" in a hypnotic seance moved by the operator. They have met Dowie, and have bowed to the strength of his will. Let me say here, that I think that Dowie has done well by the majority of his sheeplike followers. It is true that he has fastened his yoke upon them, and has collected his ten-per-cent "tithes" regularly. But in return he has compelled them to become decent, well-behaved, sober, industrious people. When they join Dowie they have got to walk straight, or get out. He rules them with a rod of iron, and

they must be "good" or be expelled. They are, as a rule, a lot of people who need the pressure of a firm hand—they have not as yet grown to be "individuals," and they need someone else to do their thinking for them, and to order them about. I need not tell my readers that I am constantly preaching the doctrine of thinking for one's self and of standing alone with head erect, but, nevertheless, I recognize that these people have not yet reached this stage. They are mere human sheep, and need a shepherd who will take them in charge, and who will guide their feet to safe places, even if he does claim ten per cent. of their wool for his pains. Dowie has done a lot for these poor people, in spite of all the abuse that has been heaped upon him. I have known of cases in which he has transformed drunkards and wife-beaters into orderly, sober, industrious men, who now bring home their pay envelope every Saturday night, and whose wives and children get the benefit of the earnings that formerly went in the till of the saloonkeeper, and the keeper of brothels. Dowie has made a decent man of many a sot. When we say mean things about this man, let us listen to the testimony of the wives and children who have been blessed by his work in this direction, and maybe we will lower the tone of our voice that has been lifted in abuse. It is true that Dowie gets his ten-per-cent tithes, but Lord bless us, the saloonkeeper used to get the entire hundred per cent, and the family is ninety per cent better off under Dowie's regime than it was before.

Now do not imagine that I have fallen a victim to Dowie's charms. On the contrary, the man's personality is almost repulsive to me. He is the incarnation of the blatant, loud voiced, roaring, abusive, old preacher, and I have looked in vain for evidence of that "magnetism" that we are apt to find in successful leaders. They say that in private conversation the old fellow is quite fascinating, and that all the power of the "magnetic" personality is shown in such cases. Be that as it may, there is no evidence of it in the man when on the platform. He is a little, fat, bald-headed, big-stomached, ranting, jumping, scolding old fellow, looking like Santa Claus with a bad attack of the dyspepsia. He abuses everything and everybody in sight, and out of sight. Everybody but himself is a rascal, a thief, a bad man—he is the only perfect thing that God has ever made. He abuses his followers, calls them names and makes them acknowledge that they are vile sinners and worms of the dust, and are worthy only of eternal damnation in the hottest flames. Hell and the Devil are in constant evidence in Dowie's sermons. The only way to escape the wrath to come is to flee to the arms of Dowie, and receive his seal of approval in the shape of the triune baptism, and admission to "Zion," the latter term being the name Dowie has given to his church following.

Dowie's theology is simple, and appeals directly to the minds of the class of people attracted to his work. With him, there are two great forces fighting for mastery—God and the Devil. All the good things

in the world are the gifts of God, and all the bad ones the work of the Devil. The fire that cooks your breakfast and that warms your bodies in winter is the gift of God, but when the fire catches your house, then it is the work of the Devil. When the wind blows gently and cools your brow, then it comes from God, but when it starts to blow down your chimney, and tear off your shutters, then it is the Devil's wind. When the sun shines nice and warm and causes your wheat to grow, then God is managing things, but when the same sun burns up your crops, and sends you to bed with a sun-stroke, then the Devil is getting in his fine work. When the rain falls over the fields that have been crying for it, then God is taking a hand in the work, but when it falls in torrents and causes floods, washouts, etc., then the Devil is at the helm. God gives Health, but Disease is the work of the Devil. The only way to cure the Disease is to chase out the Devil, by means of Dowie and God. The Dowieites believe that the Devil is "mighty powerful," but he cannot resist the combined attacks of God and Dowie. I am not joking when I say these things—that is just what the Dowieites believe. I have talked with many of them—they have "wrastled" with Satan in an effort to convert me, and the above is the tale they tell. They are mighty afraid of the Devil, and they want to keep close to Dowie, and under the shelter of his protecting wing, so that the Devil may not catch them. Like the little chick who answers its mother's call, and seeks refuge under her wings from the hawk who is soaring aloft, so does the faithful Zionite run under the outspread wings of Dowie, in answer to his warning cluck, when he sees the shadow of the Devil hovering over him waiting to pounce down upon the poor sinner, and give him rheumatism, or some other ill.

I do not care to discuss Dowie's theology, but I am compelled to mention it in order to show his theory of Divine Healing. It is quite simple, when you consider it. The Devil has caused the Disease, and will kill the man if he is not headed off. So Dowie gets to work and prays and wrestles with Satan, until he gets the Evil One down on the floor with both shoulders touching, and makes him holler "enough" before he lets him get up. And Satan is thus driven away from the sufferer and the latter gets well. The only help from the patient that Dowie insists upon is absolute faith. If the cure is not accomplished, the patient is told that he does not possess faith enough, and that the cure cannot be made until the necessary degree of faith is reached.

Dowie has made many cures—no doubt about that, but the student will readily recognize the power that he calls into play, and the methods used. Just imagine what a powerful means of calling into operation the recuperative mental force of the patient, is his belief that the disease is the work of the Devil, and that Dowie, the Elijah and favorite of God, is at work driving out the Devil! Just imagine what this must mean to a man who has faith in this Elijah, the Restorer, as Dowie calls him-

self. The only wonder to me is that Dowie does not perform twice the number of cures that he does. It seems to me that if I could believe in Dowie, and all that he says, and, accordingly believed that Disease was the work of the Devil and could be cured by the driving out of the Demon, it seems to me, I say, that if I believed these things, I could be cured of the worst possible form of disease if I was afflicted with it. Why, one can almost see the mental force of the sufferer being aroused and called into operation by the prayers and preachings of Zion, and increased vitality and energy being sent to the afflicted parts, the result being renewed proper functioning and action. And this demand for "faith"—what a world of force is set into operation by the striving to attain "perfect faith." No wonder that the walls of Dowie's Tabernacle are lined with crutches, bandages, plaster jackets, etc., of his patients, who now walk the streets of Zion singing the praise of Dowie and his work. I have seen these things and have studied these people, and I think I can see how the work is done.

But, unfortunately, Dowie is able to appeal successfully only to a certain class of people. Men of advanced minds are not apt to be attracted by his logic or preaching, and consequently, are not likely to have that "faith" that he demands. But those who can believe in him and in his work, are powerfully influenced thereby, and great results are accomplished.

Dowie is a man of powerful will, and in his earlier days, when he gave personal attention to his patients, he fairly forced them to get well—they were afraid not to. There is an immense amount of energy, and fight, in the air of Zion, and the talk of fighting the Devil and driving him out reminds one of a Salvation army meeting. In fact, if you would imagine a Zion crowd, you may form a mental picture of an earnest lot of Salvationists, forming a big congregation and fighting the Devil out of men's bodies as well as out of their souls. Dowieism is Salvation Army-ism, plus the healing features. I am confident that if General Booth would take up the faith-healing feature, and tack it on to his Salvation Army work, he would beat Dowie at his own game. Imagine the energy of the Salvationists being directed to the driving out of the Devil of Disease, instead of toward the driving him out of men's hearts, and you will see what a force they would exert. The process would be the same in both cases—faith and earnest endeavor.

Of course, this theory of Dowie's has nothing to do with the cures except that it affords a good peg upon which to hang the faith of his followers. It affords a plausible explanation of the cause and cure of disease; it arouses the fighting instinct in man, and makes him join forces with Dowie to aid God in driving out the Devil who is causing all the trouble.

It is perhaps unnecessary to add that Dowie refuses to acknowledge that he has anything in common with New Thought people, Christian

Scientists, Mental Scientists, or any other people having ideas regarding the cure of disease by Mental Power. In fact, he disclaims the idea that Mental Power has anything to do with his cures. He claims that his cures are made by God alone, in response to his (Dowie's) prayers, and the faith of the patient. He reviles the Mind Cure people, and even goes so far as to preach that they are inspired by the Devil in the attempts of His Satanic Majesty to counterfeit the Divine Dowie cures, and to afford a possible explanation of the said cures upon some theory other than Dowie's. However, no matter what Dowie may think or say, the impartial investigator is compelled to believe that in Dowieism we have but another instance of Mind Cure, differing from the others only in the theory and methods of its practitioners. Personally, I think that I would rather suffer from Disease than get into a mental condition in which it would be possible for me to believe Dowie's theories. But, still, I see that he is doing much good for some who *can* believe in him, and I have seen many instances wherein he has improved his people physically and morally—I wish that I could add "and mentally," but I cannot. But I do not think that he has caused anyone to retrograde mentally. Those whom he benefits are of that mental grade wherein beliefs such as he advocates are possible—those who have advanced further are in no danger of slipping back to his position. And those whom he attracts are met on their own plane, and their primitive ideas and beliefs are transmuted into healing force, and they are shown how to have better bodies, and better morals. Their mentality is left to work out its own salvation—they are neither improved nor harmed in this respect—they are left just where they were. So, on the whole, I feel that Dowie is deserving of a degree of reward. He is a fanatic and I believe that there are cases in which his blind teachings have prevented sensible hygienic treatment, and sanitary measures, but he has done good in teaching his people to get away from drugging, whiskey, tobacco, etc., and in making them "steady." If he would only get an "inspiration" to teach a few fundamental sanitary and hygienic rules of living, in addition to his other preaching, he would prove a blessing to his people. Just imagine the improvement if Zion should take a bath each day, sleep with open windows, practice deep breathing, eat rational and nourishing food, etc., etc., as a Divine command. Zion indeed then would become the home of Saints!

For there is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works.—Carlyle.

There is, at the surface, infinite variety of things; at the center there is simplicity of cause.—Emerson.

Concentration.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

The New Thought includes *concentration of thought*, in its teaching; and he who learns that important art is not liable to frequently forget small or large duties.

It is he who scatters, instead of concentrates, his mind powers, who keeps himself and others in a state of continual irritation by forgetting, mislaying, and losing, three petty vices which do much to mar domestic or business life.

Concentration is a most difficult acquirement for the mature mind which has been allowed to grow in the habit of thought scattering.

Wise is the mother, and as sure as wise, who teaches her child to finish each task begun before attempting another, for that is the first step in concentration.

Prentice Mulford, that great and good pioneer in the field of practical New Thought, tells us to apply our whole mental powers to whatever we do, even if it is merely the tying of a shoe, and to think of nothing else until that shoe is tied, then to utterly forget the shoe string, when we turn to another duty or employment. The next lesson in concentration he gives us is to repeat the word often, to impress it upon the mind.

And then to declare each day that "Concentration is mine" will aid still farther in the acquisition of this great and important quality.

Meanwhile, since we can not be so fortunate as to always surround ourselves with others who have acquired it, the student of the Higher Philosophy must learn to be serene and self-poised when he encounters life's pigmy worries.

He must carry his religion into his bedroom and his office, and not forget it utterly when he loses his collar button, or misses his car, or finds his office boy has taken a parcel to the wrong address.

To build character necessitates a constant watch upon ourselves. The New Thought is not a religion of Sundays, but of every day.



Awakening.

FELICIA BLAKE.

I try to find myself.
I search for that most hard to find,
And deeper search but brings
A knowledge that around it twines
Misguiding coverings.
Its changing lights and forms combined
May yet reveal the truth outlined.
And if, what e'er that truth may be,
I can but learn its face,
Perhaps through Life's deep mystery
I may some purpose trace.

* * * * * *

O Soul, that knows itself!
The mystic coverings undone,
The unveiled, truthful face;
The changing lights made into one—
The purpose fully traced:
No longer do you search outside
For light and life that was denied.
For in that knowledge-giving hour
When search revealed the goal,
And SELF was known, all living power
Was found *within* the soul.

Golden Rules.

Do as you would be done by.—Persian.

Do not that to a neighbor which you would take ill from him.—Grecian.

What you would not wish done to yourself do not unto others.—Chinese.

One should seek for others the happiness one desires for oneself.—Buddhist.

He sought for others the goods he desired for himself. Let him pass on.—Egyptian.

Let none of you treat his brother in a way he himself would dislike to be treated.—Mohammedan.

The true rule in business is to guard and do by the things of others as they do by their own.—Hindoo.

The law imprinted on the hearts of all men is to love the members of Society as themselves.—Roman.

Affirmations for September

FRANKLIN L. BERRY.

I.

I walk by the side of her who comes over the deep water, upholding and upheld.

II.

I seek, in harmony with the Eternal Truth—Health, Peace and Joy.

III.

From him I love, my faith shall break the shackles of corroding habits; like cast-off garments they shall slip away.

IV.

Temperance in all things I strive for.
Guardian of myself, I keep my watch, attracting to me only that which is good and high.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

Editor, WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON
FRANKLIN L. BERRY — Assistant Editors — LOUISE RADFORD WELLS

The Letter Box.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

M. C. S.—You ask for an explanation of the use of the term "New Thought," in connection with a philosophy that comprises many truths as old as the race. You try to quote me against myself, and call my attention to the fact that I have (to use your own words) "admitted," that "New Thought" was not altogether new. Why, bless your heart, there is no question of my having "admitted" this fact—I have done more than that, for I have *claimed* that the underlying principles of "New Thought" were as old as the world, and have been known to the few great thinkers in all ages, times, countries and races. But before I go further into this part of the subject let me ask you to read the following, clipped from the *Pasadena (California) Star*. I do not know the writer of the lines, but they are the best I have ever seen on your side of the question. I venture to reproduce them here, believing that they will amuse and interest many of our readers. Here they are:

Take a page of Epictetus and a Plato paragraph;
Shake them briskly till the mixture makes the gentle scoffers chaff.
Add a slight Socratic flavor, not in excess of a dram,
And a weak solution formed of Persian epigram.
Mix a bit from old Confucius and from Buddha several drops;
Add Egyptian lore found in the pyramid of great Cheops.
Now some truths not half remembered and some others half forgot—
Boil the mixture, boil it briskly, till it simmers in the pot;
And—Lord bless you now, my brother, and the skeptics all beshrew—
Can't you see that you're approaching the Thought that's labeled New?

Yet the spice is wholly lacking, and, as it is needed, too,
Mix a flavor of the occult in the mighty, bubbling stew,
Add some aurea, silver-plated, or if you have gold to spare,
Let them all be richly gilded, floating round us in the air,
Or, still better, have them painted white or yellow, blue or red;
Say with eyes in rev'rence lifted, " 'Tis thy spirit fragrance shed."
Add a dash of any ism that may give a taste to suit,
Glad at last if men shall whisper, "It's a lulu! It's a beaut!"
Stir the mixture, stir it briskly, with the paddle handed you,
Now dispense it unto sinners, for 'tis Thought that's labeled New.
"It is thought," I said with rev'rence, "much of which is very true,
But, if I do not displease you, what in thunder makes it new?"
Came the answer: "Lo, poor skeptic, hear the truth and doubt no more;
Such a mixture's mixful mixing never has been mixed before."

—A. J. WATERHOUSE.

Now, really, while fully appreciating the humor of these lines, I must say that there is "more truth than poetry" in them—I trust that the poet will pardon my tribute to his truthfulness at the expense of his ability as a poet. The "New Thought" indeed is made up of various chunks of the Wisdom of the Ages, as voiced by the poets, philosophers, seers, prophets and teachers of all time and races. But this does not mean that it is nothing but a composite patch-work of all that has gone before. Not at all! It means that the truths that are now coming into the consciousness of the race as a whole, have been perceived, either as a whole or in part, by the thinkers of the past. It is called "new" because the mass of the people find themselves thinking thoughts of a different character and nature to those formerly entertained by them, and they dub them *new* thought, for indeed they are new—to them. They have never read the writings of the old philosophers of Greece, nor the teachings of the Hindu sages, and are ignorant of the fact that many of the newest of the New Thoughts that they are teaching and accepting are really the oldest thoughts known to man. But this does not detract from their value. The race has reached a stage of evolution in which certain thoughts are pressing forward into consciousness and expression in the

minds of the many—the same thoughts that formerly were the property of the few. These thoughts are really new and original to the majority of those who are now receiving them, just as they were new to the thinkers of the past—the few and far between souls who were capable of grasping and expressing these thoughts. Both the ancients and the moderns received them from the same source—the Universal Mind, in which is locked up all that ever has been known, is now known, or ever will be known to man. These thoughts are not accepted by the modern thinkers just because some one happens to be preaching them. Truths are not accepted in this way. A truth of this kind becomes a truth to a person only when his soul grasps it as such—only when it comes as an answer to a question or demand formed by the soul. One may hear a statement of truth uttered a thousand times, and it may mean only words, words, words. And then, some day, the soul has unfolded sufficiently to receive the truth, and *then* the same words call forth a response, and the soul cries aloud "This is indeed the truth, for I feel it to be so." And then, again, certain things that have satisfied the requirements of the soul yesterday and the day before, are found today to have been outgrown, and the soul makes new demands, and asks new questions, and when the time comes for the new answer it gets it. The unfolding soul is forever asking new questions and making new demands. This is the secret of all this "New Thought" movement—the time has come when many souls are receiving answers to their demands, and are passing the good word along to others who are unfolding. It is no discredit to say that the "New Thought" is old thought—it is old, the very oldest. Some one has said that when a truth is presented to the world, the critics first say, "There is nothing in it." Then they attack the character of those presenting it. Then they say, "It is not *new*—it is as old as the hills." Then they say, "Of course it's true, we have always asserted it." This is the experience of the New Thought. It was first denied; then its teachers were attacked; now the critics are saying that it is not new, and the signs of its coming general acceptance may be seen, for the modern books, magazines and newspapers are full of "New Thought" ideas expressed in other words, the "New Thought" sources being utterly ignored. This is all right, so long as the ideas get out among the people. It matters nothing about words, or names, or who gets the credit. The underlying principles of the "New Thought" are as true today as they were true one thousand or five thousand years ago—for they are bound up with the fundamental principles of the Universe. They are as new today to the man who reaches the stage of unfoldment whereby he may grasp them, as they were to the philosopher of old, who dug them out of his mentality. Instead of it being a reproach, it is a credit to the "New Thought" movement to have it pointed out that bits of "New Thought" may be found in the ancient writings and philosophies—it proves the fact that the same truth has come to all men in all times. And underneath all of these apparently conflicting teachings of the past and present may be discovered a vein of thought common to all, and which, when understood, reconciles all of the teachings and proves that the consciousness of the Oneness of All, and the Power of Thought, belongs to the race as a birthright of which it cannot be robbed. Dig in whatever part of the world of thought you may, you are bound to strike this stratum, and the fact it universally appears is a proof of its reality. I like the verses reproduced above, for I see in them another testimony to the Universality of the teachings, instead of a slur upon their value. "There is nothing new under the sun," some one has truly said. Everything has been thought—everything has been said—by some one in the past. And yet everything is new to a person when it first presents itself. And many things ("New Thought" among the rest) are now *new* in the sense that the masses of people are now receiving that which formerly was the property of the few. The race is moving up to the position formerly occupied by a few scattered leaders. No, no, good friend, we of the "New Thought" do not deny its ancient origin or history—on the contrary, we welcome each new tribute to its historical foundations.

* * *

"No star is ever lost we once have seen;
We always may be what we might have been."

Our work, to be alive with beauty and with power, must have an ideal element. It must be seen in large relations, human and divine.—John W. Chadwick.

Stepping Stones.

Department of the I CAN AND I WILL Circle.

EDITED BY LOUISE RADFORD WELLS.

"I hold it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

"*Dear Madam*—In the February issue of NEW THOUGHT a gentleman in addressing the Circle writes: 'At that time I was as low as a man could be—financially, morally, socially and in every way.' He has found 'Light' and a happy way out of his difficulties, seemingly. I would like to ask if any woman, situated under the same circumstances, *morally*, socially, etc., could come out of said difficulties as easily or rather out of them at all?

"In your article in January number you say the 'I can and I will circle is to help us over deep water.' Is there any help that can tide the woman over those depths, provided, of course, she wants to come over? Am a constant reader of NEW THOUGHT, but I do not remember reading any article that gives 'Light' on this question, but it is quite possible that I am mentally blind. Again if such an one was well over those waters and wished to act upon your suggestion, i. e., to form a 'Link' in the great chain of the circle, do you think that any of her more fortunate sisters would consent to her forming the 'Link' in said chain even though they were New Thoughters? So perhaps what I don't know you do, and I would like to do as you say, 'talk things over.'" X.

* * *

Yes, this I think I *do* know, and I am glad at the opportunity to "talk things over," although my reply to this letter has been long delayed. To your first question, could a woman come out of such difficulties "as easily as a man?" I answer regretfully "No;" to the interrogation, could she come out "at all?" I reply with conviction "Yes;" and responding to the implied query whether her "more fortunate sisters" would not shrink from her and "pass by on the other side?" I say unhesitatingly, "Not true women—not real women. No!"

That the moral ascent of a man is accomplished with infinitely less friction than the like elevation of a woman is incontrovertible. (Nor do I like the word elevation. Rather would I use "reinstatement.") This is due largely to the double standard of morals which woman herself has done much to condone and therefore to maintain. Woman has conceded to man a different set of impulses, a stronger enemy within, and having provided the excuse for his sin logically proceeds to offer extenuation when defeat overtakes him. Man has been trained to regard himself as constitutionally vulnerable, and a few routs from the enemy as inevitable. Therefore when vanquished in half-hearted fight, he meets, neither *without* nor *within*, the same opposition to his restoration as crushes against a woman.

Woman in according man one set of morals, one imperfect ideal, has assigned herself another code so perfect, another ideal so pure that even the lightest sin looks black in comparison. How dark, then, the ordinary transgressions of mankind! In her own breast and in the breast of her sex is raised the greatest obstacle to her rehabilitation. It is notorious that woman looks last for forgiveness to her own sex, and last receives it there. The reason is plain. There is nothing mysterious to us about woman as there is about man. We concede to another woman no impulse, no weakness, no snare which is not ours. *She is our flesh*—we have not slipped; why should she? That is the too prevalent feminine attitude. Man is a different being—so we reason—no doubt his temptations were unconquerable—but hers? No!

We need to learn to be tolerant with this intolerance, for it is the intolerance of ignorance. Do we expect a child to settle justly grave questions of right and wrong? Often women most intolerant in this branch of judgment display in every other phase of life the broadest charity, the tenderest comprehension. This is because when they *know* and *understand* they are noble. Custom, education and environment have shut a certain class of women away from any knowledge of the ordinary temptations which precede wrongdoing. They have no conception of their power, no apprehension that many and many a time one goes down to defeat while desperately battling. They cannot understand that the consent of one's soul may never have been gained; that it may live still unconquered, still unstained. And it is this ignorance, not wilful cruelty, which builds the impenetrable barrier against which the offending woman casts herself in vain. But a wide study of psychology,

physiology and the great human relations has done much to batter down this wall of unrelenting prejudice. The intelligent, broad-minded, big-hearted woman of *today*—not of yesterday—has but one standard for man and woman, grants equal understanding, and with a fuller comprehension of the forces battling in the world forbears to judge. Her ideals are as high—yes, higher—but she measures a woman by her *soul* and her *present*, not by her past and *to be NOW* is the passport to her comradeship. Any woman who *wants* to "come over the deep water" is sure of her help and her friendship. The wrong once done she does not deny or soften, but puts it aside as *no longer* a part of her who has faced upward again.

Yes, I think there are hundreds of women who would willingly stand on equal ground with any woman noble above her fault; and—remember—those who would not are not yet through growing. They will push up into broader light, more merciful sunshine, eventually. Let the woman whose hand they refuse, be gentler in her judgment of them than they of her, for very literally they "know not what they do."

As I implied above, the chief obstacle to a woman's reinstatement is her *own* attitude toward herself. No one is so unforgiving as a good woman to her own sin. Day by day she paints it blacker and blacker, dwells upon its enormity, refuses herself absolution. This is all wrong. Look it in the face ONCE, in your moment of regeneration; do not soften a single outline; then put it behind you. It belonged to an outgrown phase of your life. You are breathing purer air now; you have chosen a higher footing; think only of that. You are worthy of your soul. Do not mar it with useless remorse. Put your activities into useful noble life, not into futile mourning.

I would say to X. in closing that I am sure she will concede that both she and I would not count ourselves better or stronger than other women, nor hesitate to give our hand to any *earnest* clasp, regardless of errors outlived. Then surely we are not alone in this; there must be hundreds and hundreds of other women wiser and tenderer than we, and we can rest sure that a noble woman knowing and honoring her own soul and lifting her own head will meet friends and gain respect though she stand on a trampled heap of error.

* * *

In repeating affirmation II remember H. H., E. A. M.; affirmation III, A. H.

* * *

M. G. Y.—Your letter has been waiting its turn and we are very sorry it has seemed and been so long. We receive so many letters that we are obliged to answer them in order, and we are just getting down to yours. The answer will appear in the October Letter Box. We have been wanting your address so that we could return to you the $5 you sent. This is not necessary on your part, and we wish you would send to us your name and address that we may mail you our check for the amount. Good luck to you, and happiness in all the relations of your life.

* * *

The offer of B. V. N. to send accumulated New Thought literature wherever it would prove of use or interest has brought in a number of letters, some containing hints as to its disposal, others inspired by B. V. N.'s helpful example to suggestions of concerted action of the same character. We shall have more to say on this subject next month. We print one of the letters received:

"The extract from the letter of B. V. C. in NEW THOUGHT for July suggests to me an extended life of usefulness for our back numbers of New Thought periodicals. If we send our back numbers to the nearest branch office of the New Thought League they could be used for free distribution by those who use the reading rooms. In this way they would reach many who do not visit the reading rooms. This should not be construed as an excuse for neglecting home opportunities for doing good, but rather as an outlet for our surplus literature, after the local field has been judiciously covered. I would be pleased to furnish back numbers of NEW THOUGHT, *Nautilus* and the *New York Magazine of Mysteries;* also some physical culture publications, if they were desired. E. B. W."

* * *

Louise Radford Wells:

Dear Madam—In the July number of NEW THOUGHT, to which magazine I have been four years a subscriber, I notice an inquiry as to where a person can send boxes of NEW THOUGHT literature which she has, to have it usefully handled, and I notice that you offer to accept applications for the same.

I am a physician practicing at the above address since 1893. I will gladly distribute whatever of such literature this person or others may care to send me, for it is most uplifting mentally, morally and physically.

I am sure I can place it where it will do good.

Yours in truth and love, L.

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URIEL BUCHANAN, 4126 Drexel Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

THE PUBLISHERS' TALK.

It was a joyful day at our office when the mail brought a letter postmarked Pasadena, California, signed "W. W. A.," and saying "We're coming back to Chicago for good. Arrive on Monday next." Five months had California held Mr. Atkinson, and we had almost resigned ourselves to his settling down to a quiet life in his Pasadena bungalow, and carrying on his editorial work for us at long range. However, Miss Wells has always emphatically asserted that Mr. Atkinson could never stay away—that he would "hear the East a-callin'" eventually and come back. (Wouldn't New York smile at Chicago's posing as "the East!" But we are, you know, to California.) Her prophecy met its fulfillment when Mr. Atkinson walked in ten days ago, brown and healthy, brisk and happy. We've seen very little of him as yet, for there was a home to select and furnishing to do; old friends, we presume, to shake hands with again; and the entire process of readjustment to be gone through with. But California hasn't taken away a bit of the Atkinson vigor—it is all there—in his firm rapid step as he comes down the hall, the brisk manner in which he glances over his mail, the marvelous ease with which he grinds out his "copy" in the midst of the noise and bustle of a busy office. Oh, he's the same William Walker, all right. There's no doubt about that! And never in a hurry, after all, that's the best of it; for if he were, perhaps we wouldn't have heard about the trip up Mount Lowe, where a certain select few spent the night in the observatory looking at the stars and talking metaphysics above the clouds; or the visit to Mr. Conable's little community; or the incidents of his journey home, when the train missed connection and the rebellious passengers were transferred to an "accommodation train," which, according to Mr. Atkinson's ideas, utterly failed to rise to the significance of its name, and which brought him into Chicago twenty-four hours late. Well, he's back and we're glad of it. Miss Wells immediately began to pile his desk with letters, smilingly intimating that his personal answer would be appreciated, but we notice that she invariably relents and that the pile vanishes into her basket, where it meets attention at dictation hour. Mr. Atkinson's desk and Miss Wells' desk are in the same small office partitioned off from the general work room, and a busy office it is. Put your head in the door at any time and you will find Mr. Atkinson writing away at breakneck speed in his corner, hewing off "chips from the old block," giving a dig to Dowie or Christian Science, penning practical

New Thought.

"By thine own soul's law learn to live,
And if men thwart thee, take no heed,
And if men hate thee, have no care,
Sing thou thy song and do thy deed,
Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer."

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Chips From the Old Block.

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

Mind your business.

And your own business alone.

One's own business is enough to keep him busy, without his attempting to regulate the affairs, and adjust the lives of others.

The fact is that very few of us really mind our business. We let it take care of itself, while we go snooping around the affairs of other people, which can be managed only by themselves.

Nine-tenths of the trouble of the world is brought about by people meddling in the affairs of others, and the others minding the business of the first mentioned ones.

Each of us feels so competent to shape the lives of our friends, and to run their business for them—but when it comes to attending to our own affairs, oh, that's too tame.

Why don't you mind your own business—and give the other fellow the same chance?

Keep your fingers out of the other fellow's pie, and see that your own gets the proper attention.

Who are you anyway, going about regulating other people's affairs and minding their business for them? Has your own life been such a perfect success, that you may set yourself up as a model? Stop your fooling, and get down to business. Attend to your own affairs, until you are satisfied that they cannot be improved upon, then you may have some excuse for trying to run the other person's life for him.

Mend your own fences—the Lord knows they need it!

Application made for entry at Chicago, Ills., post office as second-class matter.